

Horticultural.

A NEW SEEDLING APPLE.

BENSONIA, Sept. 11, 1888.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
I send you by this mail a sample of a new variety of apple, with which I am much pleased. There is no other such in the country. The tree is about sixteen years old. The seed was planted by Mrs. E. T. Spencer (now deceased). I have named it the Spencer. The tree has been bearing about five years, bears very profusely, the apple growing in bunches of two or three, and on the large branches, as well as the smaller ones. The shape of the tree is symmetrical, is a very thrifty grower, and seems to be a hardy tree. There has never been any grafts taken from the tree, so of course there are none like it.
W. H. THACKER.

The sample came duly to hand. It is of good size, color a clear pale yellow, almost transparent, with a reddish tinge on one side. Skin thin, flesh melting and juicy, rather sharp acid to the taste, and the fruit very fragrant. The specimen sent had a good deal of water around the core, which may have come from its condition. It is a handsome fruit, and its size and appearance would make it excellent for dessert.

An old correspondent of the FARMER, at present located near Bensonia, writes us about this apple:

"I had specimens and a description of a fine new seedling apple sent you by to-day's mail. The owner, Mr. W. H. Thacker, of this place, has taken great pains in growing the tree, which is without any exaggeration, the most perfect, symmetrical, and handsome tree in any orchard here. The fruit has taken premiums at the county fairs for a number of years, and is well known throughout the county. Last year specimens were sent to J. Austin Shaw, nurseryman, of Rochester, N. Y., and he named it the White Queen and wanted to buy the tree; but it is not yet for sale. This year the Department of Agriculture at Washington sent for specimens and named it the Spencer, after the originator. It is an apple worthy of the notice of all fruit growers."

Culture and Care of Apple Orchards.

The following excellent paper was prepared by Mr. C. Schultz, and read before the summer meeting of the Missouri State Horticultural Society:

The apple is our standard fruit in Holt County. There is no other industry that pays so well as fruit cultivation at the present time in our country. We can produce as fine apples in Missouri as can be produced anywhere in the United States, and with as little cost. We will always have a good demand from the northwestern market.

The great trouble has been in buying stock; the farmers not knowing the best varieties to buy has caused a great deal of trouble and work for nothing; there have been so many tree peddlers selling trees that were worthless, it has discouraged the people from trying to do much. We should not buy trees from parties that are not reliable. I think a tree swindler is worse than a horse thief. Buy trees from our home nurserymen, that will be true to name and are adapted to this country, then with good care you will be happy. Always buy first class trees to start an orchard with; crooked, forked, scrubby trees, will not make a good orchard.

The best time to buy trees is in the fall, when the nurseryman's stock is not broken, in the spring you have to take trees that have been picked over. Get your trees in the fall, then you can set them out when you are ready in the spring. Don't wait until you are sowing wheat or oats and then when you are ready to look after your trees. Prepare the ground in the fall, by plowing well and deep; drag well with a harrow to smooth the ground. Plant the trees 30x40 feet. You can grow good crops in the orchards while the trees are small. Never plant small grain in the orchard. Potatoes or corn is the best crop to raise—any hard crop is good that does not vine and run up the trees. If corn is planted in the orchard, mark the rows each way; leave a space six feet wide north and south of the trees, to give them air. Keep the weeds and grass away from around the trees; work round the trees often with a hoe; cut the corn off the ground when ripe. Burn nothing in the orchard, for trees are easily damaged by fire. Cultivate the orchard until the trees begin to bear freely. Do all the cultivation early in the season, so the trees may have time to mature their young wood before winter.

Bearing orchards may be seeded to clover and pastured by young hogs, especially on the prairies, where the trees have no protection and headed low down; the hogs will pick up all the wormy apples—and keep the clover from killing out, and the weeds from taking possession of the orchard. Keep the old hogs out of the orchard, they will damage the trees.

Bearing orchards in the timber should be headed up and well cultivated each year without any growing crop. The first year after the orchard is planted out, the young trees make a large growth; this is the time to prune and shape trees. Attend the trees while small, it is a light job then, and does not injure them.

You must keep an eye on your orchard. Never trust to providence or a hired hand, for a careless hand will do more damage in an orchard than he will do good. Keep all traps out of the orchard that are around other jobs of pruning. Let no man prune in your orchard without you know he is a skillful hand at the business. Wrap young trees in the fall to keep the rabbits from gnawing the trees. The best material to use is screen wire, it will keep the borers and mice away from the trees as well as the rabbits. The wire will cost about 25 cents per yard and one yard will make five guards.

The apple tree grows well when planted in new rich soil, it does not need any fertilizing then. When trees are bearing five barrels of apples to the tree, then is the time to keep up the tree in good growing condition. The large trees soon absorb all substance they can reach, and then begin to fall. They are like a mule lariat to a stake—the mule is all right while the grass is good within his reach; when the grass is gone Mr. Mule must have feed, or he goes down, and this is the way with an apple tree. Apple trees should be pruned the most when there is an off year, and should have plenty of barn-yard manure; this is one of the causes of so many trees dying; they are starving for sustenance; give plenty of ma-

nure and you will preserve your trees and have plenty of apples. Don't pile the manure up around the trees, spread it broadcast over the ground, so the feeders of the tree will get the benefit.

I had, in 1886, two Newtown Pippin trees that had not fruited for some time; they were twenty-five years old; I gave one tree a wagon load of barn yard manure, all that one span of mules would draw from the barn. That tree in 1887 at picking time yielded twenty-three bushels of fine apples; from the other not more than one peck of wormy apples were gathered. In the spring of 1887 I gave the other tree a load of manure, now it is full of apples.

Pears from a Marketman's Standpoint.

The varieties of pears are so numerous, and the quality of each so peculiar to itself, that it necessarily requires study on the part of the cultivator to know just how to manage his crop. The early sorts need more care and management than the later, for they ripen early and are more exposed to the heat. Growers living near a market might with safety permit the Bartlett to be on the tree, but it would not answer to delay marketing after the fruit comes. If intended for the refrigerator, the taking on of the slightest color should be a hint to pick at once, as further delay might be fatal to its keeping. Should it be picked too green it will fall to color when taken out and placed under the influence of warm air. Most late varieties keep well in the refrigerator if picked at the proper time and carefully handled. The Socié, Bosc, Sheldon and Clairgeau are all considered first-class varieties, and are preferred according to the order in which they are named. If the last variety is put on ice it should be watched closely for fear it may spot. Should that symptom of decay make its appearance the sooner the fruit is disposed of, the better. The Anjou becomes popular late in the season, being a good keeper and possessing a fine flavor. The extra large ones sell for a high price to fancy dealers, while those of medium size are used largely on the tables of hotels and steamships. While picking the fruit, one should be careful not to bruise it or to separate the stem, which is considered an ornamental feature. If picking for the refrigerator, cut off all imperfect fruit and sell it, for there is little demand for it after September.

There are several good packages used for shipping and among them is a bushel box. Some growers pack from the top, and when the box is full, lay strong, coarse paper over, then nail on old barrel staves for a cover. Others have a tight lid, then open the bottom and lay the fruit in regular rows until two rows are formed, then pack irregularly until full. Should the pressure injure a few, the fruit will carry without shaking, and on opening make a better appearance. Half barrels are good packages and sell well, but barrels are generally objected to on account of the quantity they contain unless the fruit is very firm. Do not hold early varieties too long. They lose their flavor and the later ones coming in fresh and nice are preferred.
—American Garden.

An Immense Grape Crop.

The outlook for the Concord grape crop along the Hudson Valley this fall causes the producers to feel jubilant, says the Kingston, N. Y., Freeman. The gross tonnage will exceed that of any previous year, and the fruit promises to be exceptionally fine in quality. From returns received from points between Cornwall and Catskill, a distance of over seventy miles along shore, and from localities from one to twelve miles inland on the west shore, from Fishkill to Tivoli on the east bank of the Hudson River it appears that fully ten thousand more tons of grapes will be marketed than even during 1887, when the yield was considered a phenomenal one. The "berries" are large in size and the vines all seem long have shown much vitality.

Here and there what growers describe as a new "bug" and "black rot" have wrought considerable havoc, notably so in portions of Orange and Ulster counties, and large hail stones, which fell during the severe electric storm of Saturday last, riddled a number of vineyards as though by grape and canister, yet the loss sustained, in the aggregate, is a mere bagatelle when the magnitude of the crop that is maturing is taken into consideration.

Agents for wine making houses in various parts of the country are now making tours of the vineyards, and are purchasing tons of the green fruit, to be delivered when ripe. The agents say the Concord, when blended with other varieties, makes an excellent vintage, and that in the years to come the Hudson Valley district may reasonably be expected to outrival the wine producing localities of California. The growers, as a matter of course, prefer to sell their fruit through commission houses for table use, but they realize-as the acreage is steadily increased, new markets will have to be secured or else wine making will have to be extensively engaged in.

Arrangements are being made to ship vast quantities of Concord grapes to the eastern States, where hundreds of tons of grapes were rapidly sold last season. The main market, however, in the future as in the past, will be New York city, where the consumption of the grape product of the Hudson Valley is very large. The immensity of the business of raising Concord in this part of the country is just beginning to be fully realized, and the marked increase in the acreage is undoubtedly due to the fact that the Concord has returned to the vineyard as a handsome profit and have never failed to yield a crop. The other varieties of grapes will yield abundantly.

Niagara Grapes in Ordinary Culture.

On the fruit farm of H. J. Kingsley, near Fenville, is a vineyard of 400 vines of Niagara grapes, the only bearing one we know of in the county except that of A. C. Merrill, of Casco. They are trained on the Kniffin system but the trellises are not so high as they are often made. The vines stand on a southern slope, and the only winter-killing that has occurred was in a sag at one end, where water settles. The vines have never been laid down. They are now the very picture of health and fruitfulness, bearing a wonderful load of grapes, although they were equally heavy laden last season. Mr. Kingsley has not practiced thinning at all, nor nipping and pruning so thoroughly as has Mr. Hayes, of Ottawa

County, consequently he has no such marvellous bunches nor enormous leaves. We doubt if his fruit will show the perfection of that of Mr. Hayes, but it will demonstrate the capacity of the Niagara to succeed with other than intensive cultivation; to flourish and yield profitable crops of good fruit with only such care as the average cultivator would give. Mr. Kingsley has another and younger lot of vines that also are making excellent growth, and his whole establishment, including spacious and handsome buildings, is one of the most complete in the fruit belt.—Allegan Gazette.

New Jersey Cranberry Crop.

Early in the season the prospective cranberry crop bade fair to be a large one, says the Newark Daily Advertiser. Notwithstanding vines not covered with water during the past winter were badly winter-killed, those which had been properly protected looked remarkably well when the water was drawn off in the spring. On many of these bogs fruit buds were developed in great abundance and gave promise of a large crop. But the unusually cool weather has placed a check upon the perfecting of the fruit and a large portion of the buds have not yet expanded. They are now between two and three weeks later than usual, and with the thermometer at 47½ Fahrenheit,—being so cold as to render a fire necessary for comfort—they are not likely to catch up soon. It will require unusually favorable weather for the remainder of the season to perfect even a medium crop in New Jersey. But this will be no disadvantage to the growers, as a light crop is much more remunerative than a very large one. A frost in May injured a number of bogs in the vicinity of New Egypt and Corkstown. The vine-worm has been very destructive the past season, having been quite as bad as it was a year ago.

Cranberries in Massachusetts.

The Massachusetts Ploughman of the 8th Inst. says: The cranberry pickers have gathered on the Cape, and the work of harvesting has begun in Wareham, Wauquoah and Tremont bogs. The season will last about two months. The crop this year is unusually large, and in excellent condition. It is a little late in ripening, because of lack of intense heat during the summer, and frequent rains. The frost has wrought no damage as yet, and such injury is expected to be avoided by the general adoption of the signal service system. Worms have damaged many berries in certain sections, but the injury is not universal. Last year the crop in Plymouth and Barnstable counties was \$3,500,000. The reports given from Wareham, Barnstable, Falmouth, and other Cape Cod towns indicate a much larger crop than ever before raised.

About Raising Melons.

The melon season is nearly over, and advice comes late, yet it is not out of place at this time to give the result of an experiment made this season. I grew a small patch of melons every year, as the soil here is well adapted to the crop. A previous year plentiful rainfall compelled me to hill up the young vines until they were about a foot off the surrounding ground. The neighbors predicted that when the dry season came the vines would die, but they saved me the best melons in this section. The protection I gave against drought was to make the hills four feet in diameter and to keep the soil loose, stirring it after every rain, until the vines began to run. No working was given after a single blossom appeared.

The plan of making a deep hole, filling first with chips or rubbish and next with manure, did well enough, but where the hills were made four or five feet wide and plenty of manure was chopped into the soil, the crop was better. On a few hills I placed boxes of manure, pouring water into the boxes occasionally, which passed through the manure into the ground. It was a preventive of injury from drought, provided liquid manure at intervals and produced mammoth watermelons and canteloupes. For a small patch for family use it will pay to try the boxes. The hills, however, had been well manured also.

I had been flattering myself that I had discovered the best method of growing melons, when this year all my pride was crushed by a cruel neighbor who adjoins me. I can not explain why, but it seems that a chance watermelon vine growing in a sweet potato field always thrives and gives large melons. He and I began a rivalry for large melons. I used the broad hill method, and he planted his in one or two long rows, in the same manner as for sweet potatoes. Both used the same seed, the soil is alike, but I gave better cultivation. He did not spare manure, however, scattering it along in the row, and covering it before planting the seed. The result is that he has more, and better melons, although I planted my seed a little earlier than he did.

My conclusions are that broad hills and the manure well incorporated with the soil will give better results than when holes are dug, and the hills are small, but the work of this season seems to show that melons do better when in rows three feet wide and one foot high, the row being opened, the manure spread in the open row and then covered.

The theory is that with broad hills the roots have greater feeding capacity near the surface, but more so in the rows, which permit the roots to follow the manure in the row to any distance, even interlacing those of the next plant. It also favors broadcasting manure over the surface of the ground. The melon does not want too much moisture, and the row system permits of better drainage. The experiment is worthy of notice, as "straws sometimes show the direction of the wind," and if melons will thrive best in the row, the work of growing them will be easier and the vines will be less injured in cultivation and in pulling the melons.—P. H. Jacobs, in Philadelphia Press.

Grand River Valley Horticultural Society.

The September meeting of this society was held at the home of Mr. P. H. Pienne, on the 11th, with a rather smaller attendance than usual, owing to the absence of some of the officers, and the pressing demands of the peach crop which kept others at home. The subject announced for discussion was apple culture, and the remarks of those present were chiefly pertinent to the market varieties and their values, especially as regards the Ben Davis. After dinner, the members visited Mr.

Pienne's orchards of 40 acres of apples. The orchard was commenced with five acres, planted 35 years ago, and was gradually enlarged at intervals since. It is essentially a mercantile orchard. The principal variety grown is the Ben Davis, which is one of the most saleable of apples, especially in the markets west and south. A few other varieties are grown, such as the Golden Russet, Spitzenberg, American Beauties, etc. At present a splendid crop of 4,000 bushels awaits gathering, although 10 acres of the 40 are in young trees not bearing. In 1873 the State Horticultural Society awarded the orchard the premium for being the best in the State. Mr. Pienne gave some figures on the profits from the orchard, showing that in 1880 the net profits were \$1,500; in 1884, being an off year, they were only \$170, but have increased again the past year or two.

FLORICULTURAL.

PERONIES are perfectly hardy and will thrive in almost any soil which is even moderately good. They are beautiful in the perennial border and still finer when allowed to grow in a clump on the lawn, where they form a showy and attractive ornament.

The Calla lily requires much more water than any other house plant. It should have warm water given it daily—as warm as you can hold your hand in. This may seem strange, but when we remember that this plant is a native of a very warm country where the soil is thoroughly soaked with water a good deal of the time, you will see that the treatment advised is a reasonable one. It should be provided with good drainage by putting two or three inches of broken pottery in the bottom of the pot. This will allow the surplus water to drain off and run out of the soil. If no drainage were given the soil would settle down into the bottom of the pot and clog up the hole there, and the soil would sour and the plant die.

PINKS (Dianthus) are simple in culture and will thrive in any common garden soil. They are best propagated by layering or "piping" as it is commonly called in this case. This, however, is somewhat tedious work, owing to the smallness of the "grass," but with patience a good hand can layer a few thousand in a day. It is a most simple performance and one in which any lady gardener might indulge inasmuch as it is a light healthy work. The best time for doing it is this month or at the latest next. As soon as the plants have finished flowering; cut the decayed stalks from the plants and give them a general cleaning up. Procure some good sandy soil and place a layer some two inches or so thick beneath the "grass" as it were, press moderately firm, and then proceed to layer, which is done in precisely the same manner as carnations or other things. Select the strongest shoots and bare them on the underside at about four inches or so from the end, make a careful cut in a slanting direction upwards, about half an inch in length, and then peg down in the prepared soil, taking care that the "tongue" or cut stands clear of the peeing down. By following out these simple instructions, even the most uninitiated may increase their stock of pinks and thus plant them in nearly every part of the garden, which now is too frequently devoid of any floral gem.

THE United States holds commercial relations with 74 countries. Our exported orchard products go to 61 of them.

Orchard and Garden says a better orchard fertilizer than wood ashes does not exist. Do not be afraid to apply liberally.

A SAVANNAH paper estimates the number of carloads of watermelons shipped from that State this season at 7,555, and the year's crop at 7,835,000 melons, worth \$1,500,000.

The largest peach orchards in Indiana are those owned by Angus Dean & Sons, of Otto, Clark County. They cover 775 acres and contain 125,000 bearing trees. Some of the trees bear as much as four bushels of fruit each.

Horticultural Items.

Orchard and Garden says a better orchard fertilizer than wood ashes does not exist. Do not be afraid to apply liberally.

A SAVANNAH paper estimates the number of carloads of watermelons shipped from that State this season at 7,555, and the year's crop at 7,835,000 melons, worth \$1,500,000.

The largest peach orchards in Indiana are those owned by Angus Dean & Sons, of Otto, Clark County. They cover 775 acres and contain 125,000 bearing trees. Some of the trees bear as much as four bushels of fruit each.

The value of the fruit imported into the United States from the West Indies for the year ending June 30, 1888, amounted to \$5,608,657. The value of the entire imports of fruit and nuts during the same period, was \$14,714,142.

Few people have any idea of the consumption of fruits in this country. It is estimated that not less than 500,000 boxes of lemons were imported into this country in the month of July alone. The consumption of oranges is estimated at not less than 2,000,000 boxes, or a box to every 25 persons.

A GREAT many canbages are lost or prematurely rushed into the kraut barrel on account of the heads bursting open. It is caused by a too rapid growth. Either run the spade down into the soil on one side of the plant, cutting off part of the roots, or slightly ring the head. This will check the excessive growth and stop their cracking open.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Country Gentleman says gunny-bags, barley sacks and other coarse cloths are used in Arizona for mulching trees, with good success. The cloth keeps the ground moist and prevents drying up by the severe droughts prevalent there. Every few days these sacks are removed and the ground cultivated, and no weeds grow under the mulch.

The Canadian Horticulturist thinks that the average orchardist allows winter plows to hang too long to be handled to the best advantage, and says the 20th of September is none too soon to begin with those kinds that have attained full size and color, and that it will often pay to make two pickings, leaving the greener and more immature specimens to grow and color up. It will probably pay to care for the apple crop this year and save the fruit in as good a condition as possible.

The Orange County Farmer says: "One of the greatest calamities that ever happened to the grape business was the introduction of the Champion or Tallman grape. It is nice-looking, colors up early and is sent to market. The man who buys a box or basket of them, will not look at another grape that season. They are villainously sour and really only fit for swine. Being the first in market they give to thousands of people the impression that our native grapes are unfit to eat and so restrict largely the demand."

A CONTRIVANCE for gathering fruit which is said to find favor with the fruit-growers of Genesee County, N. Y., where it was first introduced, consists of an apparatus constructed of canvas, resembling somewhat a huge inverted umbrella; this is placed under one side of the tree and moved as occasions require and into it the fruit is shaken. As it falls on the canvas it rolls down to the lower and smaller part, and then through an opening into a large basket. Then the apples are carried away by two men to be sorted. While there is a strong prejudice against shaking winter fruit from the tree, this device has been used by the inventor for three seasons, and several have also been introduced into other portions of the State.

Apiarian.

Best Honey for Wintering.
O. O. Poppleton, in the Bee Keepers' Review, says:

Several years ago, at the time when my harvest of white honey was so light, I noticed over and over again that, if my colonies died during the winter, it was almost certain to be one which had had quite a quantity of white honey when going into winter quarters; and when I found any combs in the spring containing white honey, even if fully sealed, it was very apt to be more or less fermented, while fermented dark or fall honey was rarely if ever seen. This occurred so often that I finally adopted the rule of management, never to leave any light honey at all in the combs during winter. I stated, at one of our conventions, that I had adopted such a rule, but I didn't understand the reason for doing so as well then as I do now. As I have already said, some five or six years ago, the relative yields of early and late honey radically changed, and with it came a corresponding change in qualities, and the immediate result was a serious loss in wintering—not so disastrous a loss as I suffered before using chaff hives, but yet too serious to be at all funny—some 40 per cent one winter. This set me to studying on what was the cause of such a complete change, and I am now satisfied that the whole story can be told in the words, "A change in the quality of the winter stores."

I noticed, while extracting, that the fall honey was different from what I usually obtained. Had samples of these later crops and of former ones been submitted to experts, I have no doubt that each would have unhesitatingly pronounced one sample as having been taken from unsealed, the other from sealed combs, even when no such difference was the case. The truth is, the samples would have been entirely different when first taken from the flowers; and no amount of curing, either in or out of the hive, could have made them equal.

I have noticed for a long time past, that the first yield from any particular flower, such as clover, basswood, buckwheat, etc., was almost invariably of poorer quality than the later yield from the same source would be. This is particularly true if the yield continues for some time, say from two to six weeks. It has been not at all uncommon to obtain a better quality of honey, both in body and flavor, from unsealed combs, filled two or four weeks after the commencement of clover harvest, than from sealed combs filled at the commencement of the same harvest. This fact wants keeping in mind when selecting winter stores.

The following is a brief summing-up of the opinions I have arrived at:
That there is no essential difference in the value of different kinds of honey for winter stores; that the relative value of the different kinds of honey varies in localities and seasons; that the particular source which gives us the best yield of honey each season is usually of the best quality; also, that, where honey is used as a winter food, much better success will be attained when these facts are observed and acted on.

GERD WENDELKEN, of Marietta, O., says he has cured foul brood with sulphuric acid. His method he gives in the American Bee Journal as follows: "I diluted one ounce of acid in one quart of water; then mixed this with syrup, and fed it to one colony, beginning with small, weak doses, and increasing by degrees until the bees refused to take it. Every night from March 15 to April 30 I fed ½ pint of syrup with 2½ tea-spoonsful of diluted acid. I found that this was not injurious to the health of the queen, bees or brood. At the end of that time I fed the rest of the medicinal syrup to 10 or 12 other colonies. I have been told that the acid would kill bees and brood, but it does not, and cannot be done, because the bees do not take it when too strong."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Home Evidence

No other preparation has won success at home equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is made, it is now, as it has been for years, the leading medicine for purifying the blood, and toning and strengthening the system. This "good name at home" is "a tower of strength abroad." It would require a volume to print all the evidence in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Albert Estes, living at 28 East Pine Street, Lowell, for 15 years employed as boss carpenter by J. W. Bennett, president of the Erie Telephone Company, had a large running sore come on his leg, which troubled him a year, when he began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The sore soon grew less in size, and in a short time disappeared.

Jos. Dunphy, 214 Central Street, Lowell, had swellings and lumps on his face and neck, which Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cured.

Mrs. C. W. Marriott, wife of the First Assistant Fire Engineer of Lowell, says that for 16 years she was troubled with stomach disorder and sick headache, which nothing relieved. The attacks came on every fortnight, when she was obliged to take her bed, and was unable to endure any noise. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after a time the attacks ceased entirely.

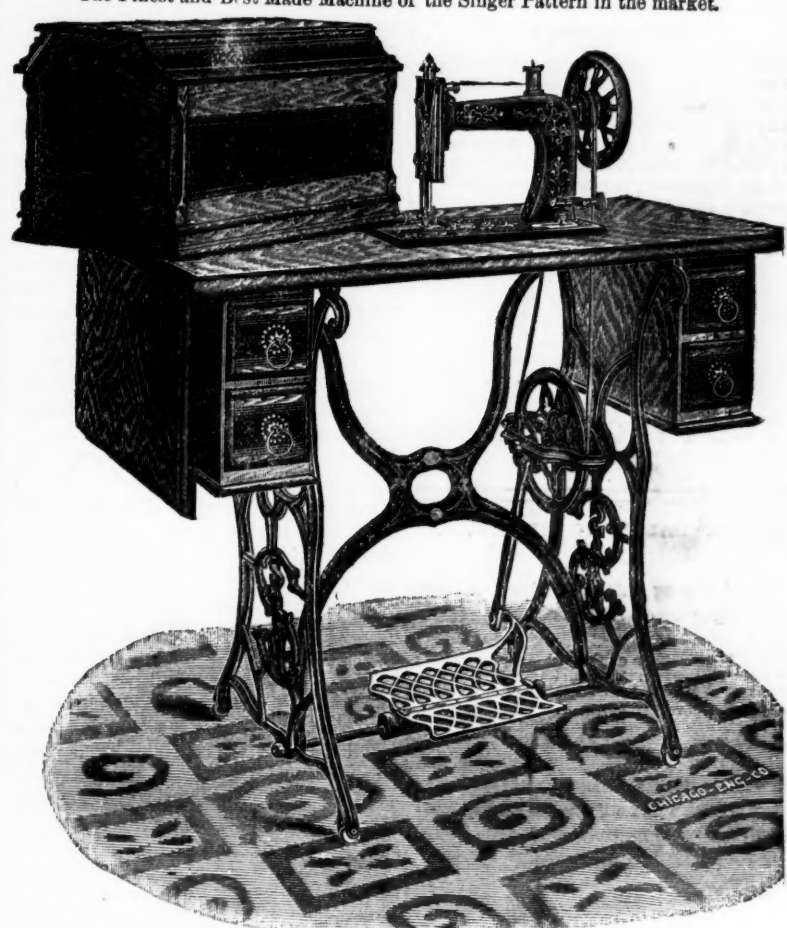
Many more might be given had we room. On the recommendation of people of Lowell, who know us, we ask you to try

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. 51c per bottle. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Sewing Machines!
ONE - THIRD PRICE!!
THE NEW AND
GREATLY IMPROVED
HIGH-ARM SINGER

The Finest and Best Made Machine of the Singer Pattern in the market.



HIGH-ARM IMPROVED SINGER.

With each of these machines we furnish one Ruff, one Tucker, one set Hemmers, one Foot Hemmer, one Sew Diver, one Wrench, one Oil Can and Oil, one Gauge, one Gauge Trim, one extra Thread Plate, one extra Clock Spring, one paper Needles, six Bobbins, and one Instruction Book. These articles are all included in the price named. Bear in mind that these machines are thoroughly made and of first-class workmanship, and

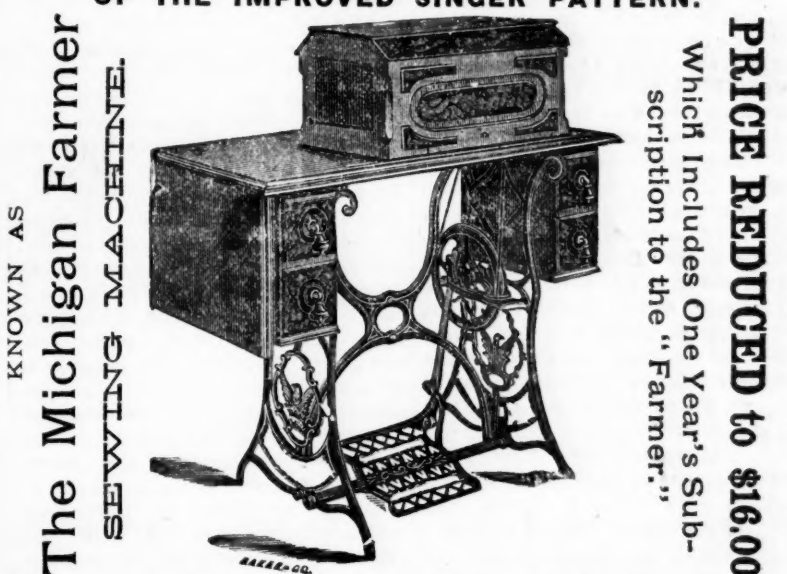
EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED for FIVE YEARS.

These machines furnished to subscribers of the FARMER for

\$18.00!

Which includes also a year's subscription to the paper. There never was a high-arm machine sold before for less than three times this price.

THE LOW-ARM MACHINE
OF THE IMPROVED SINGER PATTERN.

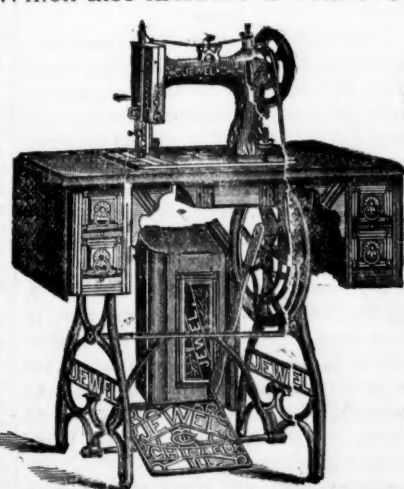


Over 1,500 in Use in this State!

The above represents the Machine which we sell at \$18 and throw in a Year's Subscription to the Farmer. It is very nicely finished, perfect in all respects, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. We are contracting for large quantities and furnishing them to our customers at about cost. Agents' and dealers' profits can be saved and one of the best Machines obtained by ordering from us. A full set of attachments included with each Machine.

THE HIGH-ARM "JEWEL"
ONE OF THE BEST FINISHED AND HANDSOMEST MACHINES MADE.

PRICE, \$21.00.
Which also includes a Year's Subscription to the "Farmer."



They will do. The instruction book contains a large engraving of each, with full directions for using. The furniture is black walnut, of the style represented above, and very finely finished. In fact, we claim the "Jewel" to be the best made, and to do better and a wider range of work than any machine in the market.

These Machines Guaranteed for Five Years!

Purchaser pays freight, which runs from 85c. to 90c. on each machine, according to location of purchaser.

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY ORDERS.

Samples of these machines can be seen at this office. Address orders to

GIBBONS BROTHERS,
DETROIT MICH

STATE AND DISTRICT FAIRS.

NAME OF SOCIETY.	HELD AT.	DATE.	SECRETARY.	POST-OFFICE.
Michigan State Agricultural Society	Jackson.	September 10 to 13.	C. Sterling.	Monroe.
Central Mich. Ag. Soc.	Lansing.	Sept. 24 to 28.	R. B. Barker.	Lansing.
Eastern Mich. Ag. Soc.	Ypsilanti.	Sept. 18 to 21.	Frank Joslyn.	Ypsilanti.
Western Mich. Ag. Soc.	Grand Rapids.	Sept. 17 to 21.	James Cox.	Grand Rapids.
Ann Arbor State Ag. Soc.	Montgomery.	Oct. 1 to 5.	H. C. Davidson.	Montgomery.
Georgia State Ag. Soc.	Macon.	Sept. 14 to 19.	A. C. Miller.	Macon.
Indiana State Ag. Soc.	Indianapolis.	Sept. 12 to 20.	Alex. Heron.	Indianapolis.
Illinois State Ag. Soc.	Chicago.	Sept. 13 to 17.	John F. Shaffer.	Chicago.
Wisconsin State Ag. Soc.	Madison.	Sept. 17 to 21.	R. G. Moore.	Madison.
Minnesota State Ag. Soc.	St. Paul.	Aug. 28 to Sept. 1.	Thos. I. Martin.	St. Paul.
Nebraska State Ag. Soc.	Lincoln.	Aug. 20 to 25.	Robert W. Pope.	Lincoln.
Montana Ag. Soc.	Helena.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Robert W. Pope.	Helena.
Idaho State Ag. Soc.	Boise.	Sept. 17 to 21.	J. S. Woodward.	Boise.
Utah State Ag. Soc.	Provo.	Sept. 14 to 19.	J. S. Woodward.	Provo.
New York State Ag. Soc.	Albany.	Sept. 10 to 14.	D. W. Seller.	Harrisburg.
Ohio State Ag. Soc.	Columbus.	Sept. 10 to 14.	T. W. Hollister.	Pomaria.
Pennsylvania State Ag. Soc.	Philadelphia.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Sydney Smith.	Dallas.
Delaware State Ag. Soc.	Dover.	Sept. 10 to 14.	A. R. Venable.	Richmond.
Virginia State Ag. Soc.	Richmond.	Sept. 10 to 14.	George Hook.	Wheeling.
North Carolina State Ag. Soc.	Raleigh.	Sept. 10 to 14.	T. L. Newton.	Medford.
South Carolina State Ag. Soc.	Columbia.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Henry Wade.	Toronto.
Alabama State Ag. Soc.	Montgomery.	Sept. 10 to 14.	John H. Davis.	Hamilton.
Arkansas State Ag. Soc.	Fayetteville.	Sept. 10 to 14.	W. H. Lewis.	Winterset.
Mississippi State Ag. Soc.	Jackson.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Chas. G. Towle.	Shawassa.
Louisiana State Ag. Soc.	Baton Rouge.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Arthur Uhl.	Oshkosh.
Florida State Ag. Soc.	Tallahassee.	Sept. 10 to 14.	John Farley.	Toledo.
Georgia State Ag. Soc.	Atlanta.	Sept. 10 to 14.	H. J. Hill.	Lawrence.
Alabama State Ag. Soc.	Montgomery.	Sept. 10 to 14.	J. N. VanNess.	Lawrence.
Arkansas State Ag. Soc.	Fayetteville.	Sept. 10 to 14.	Geo. McBurn.	Lawrence.

MICHIGAN COUNTY FAIRS.

Alcona Ag. Soc.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Union Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Union Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Union Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Union Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.
Alcona Union Market Fair.	Armada.	Oct. 3 to 5.	Theo. Dahlman.	Armada.

sever, but the fact was concealed as long as possible, death being attributed to "break down of fever," a local malpractice. It is reported there have been four cases at Calverton.

The celebrated Keely motor case came up in the Philadelphia courts again the past week. Mr. Keely was desired to show cause why an attachment for contempt of court should not be issued against him for failing to obey the order of the court and exhibit his machine in working order to certain experts. Mr. Keely's counsel said that some of the clients of his client would not until another \$100,000 had been expended on it. Everybody but credulous individuals long ago gave up expecting that machine to ever amount to anything, but Keely has managed to get a good living out of the business.

Foreign.

Fifty Germans suspected of being spies have been expelled from France.

It is rumored in London that Prince Bismarck has asked the German Emperor's permission to resign.

Because of the inadequate harvest in France the French government will probably suspend the import duty on cereals.

It is said Major Bartlett, who was recently killed in the Congo State in Africa, was so supercilious with his men that some of them threatened to shoot him on the march.

Mr. Dillon has been unconditionally released from prison, on account of the state of his health. The full term of his imprisonment would not have expired until the end of the year.

The commission appointed by Parliament to examine the charges made by Lord Salisbury against Mr. Parnell and other Irish members of the House of Commons, opened at London on Monday last.

Mr. Samuel Baker, who has traveled very extensively in Africa, does not credit the rumors of Henry M. Stanley's death. He says people underestimate the difficulties of creating a new route in Africa, and believes Stanley will yet join Emin Bey.

France is resolved to found a truly agricultural university, where agricultural education, in its widest sense and deepest meaning, will be given, and degrees be conferred—similar as in other universities. Classics are no longer a necessity in France to graduate for a degree; a candidate can select modern languages and the natural sciences. So will it be for agricultural science. The government has demanded the sum of one million of francs to fit up a special building for the Agricultural College of France. French agriculture represents twenty millions, one half the total population, directly engaged in land cultivation, and the value of the landed property in France is estimated at 95 milliards of francs, or 19 times the war indemnity paid to Germany.

M. Merceus, director of the commercial dairy farm of Kamien, Eastern Russia, has found excellent results attend the employment of one-fourth pound of oatmeal per quart of milk, given to calves intended for the dairy ends, when three weeks old, and gradually suppressing the sweet for the fresh skimmed milk from the centrifugal creamer. Later, he gives crushed barley or oats and linseed, gradually augmenting, so that when six months old, the calves will be receiving one pound of linseed and two pounds of grains per head daily. They are allowed the finest hay. He dusts about one good ounce of chalk per day on the rations.

Twin Babies.

This is the heading of a large three-column advertisement on the eighth page of this issue of the FARMER. Those who read it will not doubt be anxious to know whether it is true that all the articles named in the list of presents are in each box of the "Sweet Home Soap." Yes, it is true, and the firm which makes the offer is reliable and well established.

"Sweet Home Soap" is of an extraordinarily fine quality, and no one is disappointed who uses it. It bears no comparison to the cheap soaps with which our markets are flooded. The method of selling the soap is a novel one, and readily commends itself to every one, since those who buy it get all the profits usually paid out for traveling salesmen, wholesale and retail grocers, etc. Besides, no payment is asked until the goods are received and have been on trial in the house for thirty days.

The soap is delivered right at the door, all freight charges prepaid and arrangements made so that if one is not satisfied after seeing the presents and using the soap, the box will be taken away without expense or penalty of any kind. A postal card sent to J. D. Larkin & Co., Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a box on order.

You can get the FARMER and "Household" supplement from now until January 1, 1890, for \$1.50!

You cannot get a paper which will give you more information regarding Michigan agriculture than the FARMER. Address all orders to GIBBONS BROTHERS, Detroit, Mich.

SEED WHEAT.

Ontario Wonder, very hardy, bold and red variety, very productive, 1.50 per bushel. Two bushels or more free. Sliger, Hybrid Mediterranean. Everet High Grade and Delux Longberry, 1.25 per bushel—bags free. Address T. I. SUTTON, SUTTON, LEWIS & CO., Mich.

SHROPSHIRE RAMS.

A choice lot of yearling Shropshire rams, thoroughbred and recorded, at moderate rates. W. J. GARLOCK, Howell, Mich.

Dealers handling PAINTS will give their customers perfect satisfaction by supplying them with Peninsular Pure Ready-Mixed Paints. They are war tinted from ad terrato—the shades are tinted with permanent colors having permanency, durability and economy, it is equalled by any other paint in the market. We run the same line of Fashionable Tints and White. Both in paste and liquid form.

Peninsular Domestic Paints for family use are ready mixed in White, and twenty beautiful colors, put up in 16 and half pails.

Peninsular Floor Paints will dry hard, quickly and will not rub or wash off. Peninsular CARRIAGE AND BUGGY PAINTS, are prepared ready for the brush in Black and eight other colors.

Peninsular White Lead and Color Works, Detroit, Mich., Manufacturers of colors, Dry, Oil, in Japan, in Distemper and in Pulp, White and Colored Leads, Zinc Paints, etc.

FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., General Agents, Detroit, Mich.

Important Shorthorn Sales in Bourbon County, Kentucky.

OCTOBER 16th, Mr. Joshua Barton, Millersburg, Ky., will sell from his celebrated Blunkley Herd, 30 head of the following famous families: Wm. Bates, Duke of Devon, Waterloo, Laid Liverpool, Renick, Duke of Sharn, Roan, Duchess, Young Marys and Phyllis.

OCTOBER 17th, Messrs. J. A. Harrison, W. W. Muskie and A. W. Wright will sell at the Paris Fair, 30 head of the following famous families: Wm. Bates, Duke of Devon, Waterloo, Laid Liverpool, Renick, Duke of Sharn, Roan, Duchess, Young Marys and Phyllis.

OCTOBER 18th, Mr. A. H. Bedford, at his home, near Paris, Ky., will sell 6th of choice individuals, including one of his entire herd of Miss Wileys, Mary Ann, Duchess of Goodness, Duke of Sharn, Young Marys, Mild Marions, etc.

These cattle have been carefully bred, are of color and fine individuals. For catalogue address Joshua Barton, Millersburg, Ky., J. A. Harrison and A. H. Bedford, Paris, Ky.

850,000 GRAPE VINES. 100 VARIETIES. Headquarters of the MOVIE. The Earliest and Best, Reliable Red Grape now first in the market for 1888. Also Small Fruits, Trees, etc. Three Sample Boxes sent for 10 cents. Address: LEWIS ROESCH, Fredonia, N. Y.

It is a conceded fact that there is no better place in the U. S. for Nurserymen to sort up, Dealers to Pack, or Planters to order, than at the Painesville Nurseries, the aim of THE STORRS HARRISON CO. being to carry a full line of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Bulbs, Shrubs and Roses. Have a remarkably fine stock of Standard, High Top Dwarf and Dwarf Pear, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Apple, Quince, Russian and other Apricots, Grape Vines, both old and new. Currants, Gooseberries, Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, etc. In fact a full line of Fruit and Ornamentals, both large and small. Prices Reduced to suit the times. Correspondence solicited.

Address THE STORRS & HARRISON CO., PAINEVILLE, LAKE CO., OHIO.

1888. M. W. DUNHAM 1888. WILL PLACE ON SALE APRIL 24, TWENTY STALLIONS, ESPECIALLY SELECTED FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

I have a fine yearling number of my customers and of convenience buy until 'till in the season, and it is to accommodate them that I have this year made a reserve of TWENTY STALLIONS, old enough for service, which will be placed on sale April 24th. I beg my determination to so control my importations that I can offer purchasers a first class horse any day in the year.

All Animals Sold Guaranteed Breeds on trial satisfactory to purchaser. CARRIAGES AT ALL TRAILS. Address M. W. DUNHAM, Wayne, Du Page Co., Ill.

10,000 AGENTS WANTED TO supply FIFTY MILLIONS people with THE LIFE OF BEN HARRISON BEN HUR.

Joint Public Sale of 50 Head of Highly Bred SHORTHORN CATTLE.

WEDNESDAY, October 17th, COMMENCING AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.

We shall offer at public sale a very choice lot of Shorthorn cattle. The sale will be held at the VILLAGE OF WINOMAT, at the junction of the F. & M. and Jackson roads, on the Grand Trunk Railway, within a few rods of the station. The offerings will consist of representatives of the following families: Cruickshank, Kirklevington, Young Phyllis, Hilpas, Rose of Sharon, Flat Creek Young Mary, Young Mary, Rosabella, Rosemary, Aylesby Lady, and Lady Helen families.

There will be about 50 head in all, being selections from the herd of Mr. Wixom, and the entire herd of Mr. Johnson. The cattle are mostly young cows and heifers. Those from the Wixom herd will be in calf to the bull named Duke 7th 2000, and Duke of the Johnson herd to his Rose of Sharon bull Duke of Headwater.

For catalogue containing full particulars address W. WIXOM, Wixom, Mich. WILLARD WIXOM, Wixom, Mich. W. T. JOHNSON, Northville, Mich.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer. DELAWARE, O., AUG. 24, 1888.

GREAT PUBLIC SALE! OF THE ENTIRE HERD OF 65 FIRST CLASS SHORTHORN CATTLE. A choice selection of 100 BEAUTIFUL SHROPSHIRE SHEEP. And 8 sturdy Welsh Mountain Ponies, At DELAWARE, Ohio, Oct 3 & 4, 1888.

The property of C. HILLS & SON, Crystal Spring Farm, Ohio.

This herd was founded in 1854, and no expense has been spared since that time to procure the best blood a valuable from reputable breeders. It is now in the hands of the following Pure Bred Tribes: represented: Oxford, Duchess, Wat-roo, Wild Eyes, Rose of Sharon, Barrington, Marwick, Matilda, Miss Wiley, Aylesby Lady, and other Families.

A galaxy of grand breeding bulls included, suitable to breed any herd. 55th Duke of Ayrshire 50035 (pure Duchess), WATROO'S Lord Oxford 7404 (pure Oxford), Wild Eyes Duke of Oxford 84333 (pure Wild Eyes), Imported Grand Duke Barrington 24 (4444), The Shropshire sheep will embrace imported rams and ewes with some of their produce, from the best English prize-winning flocks, such as those Messrs. Minton, Beach, Bach, Brown, Jones, Thomas, Pulley (M. P.) and the Duke D'Annale (imported) of the Ohio Centennial Exhibition (Sept. 4 to Oct. 19) at Columbus, O., which is the home's side south of Delaware.

Sales will be held on the Delaware Co. Fair Ground, adjacent to the C. C. & F. R. R. Station, to commence after noon on each day. Sale of cattle, Wednesday, Oct. 3, 1888. Sale of ponies and sheep, Thursday, Oct. 4, 1888. You are invited to send for catalogue and attend the sales. C. HILLS & SON.

J. A. MANN, Auctioneer. DELAWARE, O., AUG. 24, 1888. ST. LAMBERT—ST. HELIER. Jersey Bulls for Sale at Farmers' Prices.

Droped Dec. 14, 1886, Nov. 22, 1887, and Jan. 21, 1888. All large, strong and vigorous. Sold on and from the best of butte, stock on both sides. Guaranteed to suit and please. For particulars address JOHN MITCHELL, CUNTS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to J. H. JOHNSON & SON, Pittsburg, Pa.

DIRECTORY OF MICHIGAN BREEDERS.

HORSES.

EVERGREEN STOCK FARM, Bangor, Van Buren Co., Mich. Parties wishing to purchase improved or full blood stock will do well to visit this farm. Fourteen head imported Percheron and French Coach Horses. THOMAS CROSS, Proprietor.

CATTLE—Shorthorns.

A. J. COOK, Orono, breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and Shropshire Sheep. Stock for sale. All stock recorded and of popular families. Write to A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, Orono, Me.

AKON P. BLISS, Swan Creek stock farm, breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited and promptly answered. Geo. Baldwin, Manager, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. a23-2a

A. J. CHANDLER, breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Shropshire sheep and Essex swine. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. Jerome A. D. DeGarmo, Highland, Oakland Co., Mich. a23-2a

A. J. LEEBANK, Rose Corners, Oakland Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address Fenton, Genesee county. j6-13

A. P. COOK, Brooklyn, Jackson Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Good families registered. Full Major Cattle at hand. Correspondence solicited. A. J. Cook, Agricultural College, Orono, Me. a23-2a

ARTHUR ANDERSON, Westfield, Allegan Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, established 1874, with a record of 5233 by imported full Major Cattle at hand. Correspondence solicited. a23-2a

BENJ. F. BATHURLEIGH, Orono, Cattle, breeder of Shorthorns of Young Mary and Young Phyllis families, with the Renick Rose of Sharon bull. Sharn Duke of Cattle at the head of herd. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Also registered Merino sheep. j6-13

F. MOORE, St. Clair, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Families represented: Barrington Kirklevington, Victoria Duchess, Oxford Vanquish and Duke of Devon. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

G. L. LUCK & SON, Grand Rapids, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

CHARLES FISCHBECK, Lakeside Stock Farm, Holland, Livingston Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

G. S. ALLEN & SON, breeders of Fine Shorthorn cattle: Lincoln Sheep, and Chester White Swine. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

R. RACKS, Springdale Stock Farm, Willamette, Ingham Co., Mich. breeder of thoroughbred Shorthorns, Vermont and Michigan bred Merino Sheep and Percheron horses. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

J. S. BURNETT & SON, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. All stock registered. Residence, Grand Rapids, Mich. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

A. BRADEN, Victoria Stock Farm, Bancroft, Mich. breeder of pure bred Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Rapids, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle and American Merino Sheep. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

JOHN C. SHARP, "Hillside Farm," Jackson Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle and China swine. Families: Percheron, Duke of Devon, Young Mary, Wynne, Victoria, etc. with the straight Rose of Sharon bull. Duke of Bath No. 6444 at head of herd. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

JAMES MOORE, Milford, Oakland Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

JOHN MCKAY, Romeo, Macomb Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young bulls and heifers for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

J. E. FISK & SON, Johnston, Barry County, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Registered American Merino Sheep and Poland China swine. Plymouth Stock and Wyanotte flocks. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

DAVIDSON, Teuness, Lenawee County, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. A few choice young females for sale. Also some young bulls. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. j6-13

R. HAYES, Eldorado Stock Farm, breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Young Mary, Phyllis, etc. families. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

SNOW & SON, Kalamazoo, breeders of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Young Mary, Phyllis, etc. headed by the Bates bull Duke 3d at head of herd. Stock for sale. Correspondence promptly answered. j6-13

CHAFFEE, Byron, Shiawassee Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep and Poland China swine. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

R. ELLINWOOD, Rose Corners, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. a23-2a

THE COLLEGE FARM, Agricultural College, Mich. breeds Shorthorns of the following families: Victoria, Duchess, Kirklevington, Van Metre and Flat Creek Young Mary, Princess, Rose of Sharon, and Harriet. Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. j6-13

W. HALL, Hamburg, Livingston Co., Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Principal families: Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Young Phyllis and Cruickshank. All stock recorded. Stock for sale. Correspondence will receive prompt attention. j6-13

SMITH BROS., Eagle, Meadow Brook herd of Jerseys. Stock of highest quality and of the best strains. Hondon chickens. a23-2a

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

RIEDEL STOCK FARM, Metamora, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Merino Sheep, and Berkshire Swine. All stock recorded. Correspondence solicited. Address, M. Wickham, Metamora. j6-13

THOMAS POSTER, Elm Grove Stock Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

W. J. G. DEAN, Haverhill, high-class Jerseys of the Holsteins and Grand Duke. All stock recorded. Price list 1888, sent on request. Registered Merino Sheep. a23-2a

EDWIN PHELPS, Maple Place Farm, P. O. address, Saginaw, Mich. breeder of Shorthorn cattle. Stock for sale. Correspondence solicited. j6-13

G. F. HARRINGTON, Paw Paw, breeder of pure-bred Poland China swine. Stock of highest quality and of the best strains. Hondon chickens. a23-2a

Poetry.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY.

There was once a time when, as old songs prove,
The earth was not round, but an endless plain;
The sea was as wide as the heavens above it—
Just millions of miles, and began again.
And that was the time—ay, and more's the pity
It ever should end—when the world could
play,
When sinners told tales of a crystal city
In a wonderful country far away!
But the schools must come with their scales and measures,
To limit the visions and weigh the spells;
They scoffed at the dreamers with rainbow
treasures,
And circled the world in their parallels;
They chartered the vales and the sunny mead-
ows,
Where minstrels might ride for a year and a
day;
They sounded the depths and they pierced the
shadows,
Of that wonderful country far away.
For fancies they gave us their microscopes;
For knowledge a rubble of fact and doubt;
Wing-broken and caged, like a bird from the
tropics,
Romance at the wandering stars looked out.
Cold Reason, they said, is the earthly Eden;
Go, study its springs, and its oases assay;
But fairer the flowers and fields forbidden
of that wonderful country far away.
They questioned the s'mbering baby's laugh
ter,
And cautioned its elders to dream by rule;
All mysteries past and to come hereafter
Were settled and solved in their common
school.
But sweeter than streams and the wild birds
singing,
The friendships and loves that were true al-
way;
The gladness unseen, like a far bell ringing,
In that wonderful country far away.
Nay, not in their Reason our dear illusion,
But truer than truths that are measured and
weighed—
O land of the spirit! where no intrusion
From boresmen or doubters shall e'er be made!
There still breaks the murmuring sea to greet us
On shadowy valleys and peaceful bay;
And souls that were truest still wait to meet us
In that wonderful country far away!
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

WITH THEM.

If I could know that after all
These heavy bonds have ceased to thrill,
We whom in life the fates divide
Should sweetly slumber side by side—
That one green spring would drop its dew
Safely alike above us two!
All would be well; for I should be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!
How sweet to know this dust of ours,
Mingling with life the self same flowers—
The scent of leaves, the song bird's tone—
At once across our rest be blown.
One breath of sun, one sheet of rain
Make green the earth between us twain!
Ah, sweet and strange, for I should be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!
But hark! the earth may intervene
The place of rest and mine be between—
And leagues of land and wastes of waves
May stretch and toss between our graves;
Yet bed with summer light be warm,
While snowdrifts heap, in wind and storm,
My pillow, whose one thorn will be
Beloved, that I am not with thee!
But if there be a blissful sphere
Where homelike souls, divided here,
And wandering wide in useless quest,
Shall find their longed for haven of rest—
If in that happy, happier bliss,
We meet the joys we missed on earth,
All will be well, for I shall be
At last, dear loving heart, with thee!
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

Miscellaneous.

ON SUSPICION.

Concluded from last week.

I again went over the incidents of the al-
leged murder, scanning the room up and
down, in the vain wish that the unsympa-
thetic cottage walls might whisper some se-
cret word which might save an innocent
man from punishment. Over and over again
I tried to evolve some theory on which a
defence could be based. That the motive
for the crime was not money was shown
by the fact that Marriot's watch and
purse had been found undisturbed. At length,
in sheer nervousness, I rose and began
to pace up and down the little room, un-
till, fairly tired, I sank into an easy chair.
As I sat there, with my hands behind my
head, my attention was attracted to a
spot between the hooks whereon the
rifle used to rest—the rifle that had
been taken down for the purpose of
examination. About where the breech
would have been I noticed what looked like
a charred or blackened spot on the wall.
I rose from the chair and went over to
examine it. To my surprise I found that it
had the appearance of having been burned;
the wall-paper was charred and the plaster
beneath was baked to a stony hardness.
As I stood there, a beam of sunlight came
creeping along the wall. Looking up, I
saw that it came from the queer little dor-
mer-window in the sloping roof. I noticed
that it was on a line with the charred spot,
and, as I gazed, the thought occurred to me
that possibly this ray of sunlight was re-
sponsible for the damaged paper. Resolv-
ing to test my belief at once, I hastily tore
a sheet of thin paper from my pocket-book,
and, plunging it over the spot, returned to
my seat to await the result.
With an intensity of feeling hardly to be
described, I watched the bright ray of light.
Gradually it crept up to the edge of the
paper, then fell full upon it. I leaned for-
ward eagerly. Was I mistaken? No!
As I looked, a black spot about the size
of a pin-head showed in the centre, growing
rapidly larger. In another moment a thin
little curl of smoke arose, then a faint flame,
and the paper was in ashes.
Quite overcome with the intensity of my
emotions, I sank back in my chair. I be-
lieved I held the key to the mystery as cer-
tainly as though I had stood by and wit-
nessed the death of poor Vaughan Marriot.
The scene before me—the creeping sun-
light, the burning ray heating the breech of
the rifle until the cartridge had ignited and
exploded.
With almost frantic eagerness I rushed
over to the doorway leading into the bed-
room. Yes, there was the mark on the
door-post where the bullet had struck and
thence glanced off!

carefully examined the glass. In one of
the panes was a flaw about the size of my
hand, which in some manner had concen-
trated the rays of the sun as in a burning-
glass. I glanced at my watch; it was just
about a quarter to two o'clock—the hour, as
near as could be determined, when the
tragedy occurred.

I did not breathe a word of my discovery
to any living creature, least of all to poor
Harry Vane, for after all there might be a possi-
bility of failure. I hardly slept that night;
and early the next morning I was at the
gunsmith's, looking over his stock of rifles.
He was an intelligent man, and had seen
the rifle at the inquest and been asked one
or two technical questions on the subject of
rifles in general. When he found that I
wanted one exactly like poor Marriot's for
the purpose of testing a theory I had, he
began to search with an ardor that was most
cheering to me, for I found that he was an-
other warm partisan on Harry's side.

"Wait a bit, sir," he said presently; "I
believe I have exactly what you want; and,
hurry up out of the shop, he returned in a
few minutes with a rifle carefully packed in
oiled cloths, also a small case of cartridges.
"It's a queer thing, sir, but do you know
it was poor Mr. Marriot himself who first
told me how like this gun was to his own?"
"Why, Breham," he said, coming into my
shop soon after I had bought it, "if I didn't
know my rifle was at home, I should say
you have got it here in your shop!"

"How soon can you have it ready for me?"
I asked eagerly.
"Well, I have only to clean the oil off
and sponge out the barrel. You can have
it in half an hour," said the old man, hand-
ling it tenderly and admiringly.

"All right!" I answered, and went off
to order a trap and quick-trotting pony.
Arrived at the cottage, I fastened up the
pony, and left the gun in the trap until I
should find myself alone. I had seen that
the policeman had been on duty on the
previous day was not there; but in his stead
Jackson, the farm-hand who had first found
his dead master.

This was rather a lucky chance for me,
because he could show me the exact spot
where Marriot's head had lain. The man
was proud and pleased enough to explain to
me all I wanted to know.

Then I told him that, if he wanted to go
home for his dinner, I would look after the
cottage, and see that no inquisitive sight-
seer made his way in. After I had given
him a shilling for his trouble, he thanked me
and went off whistling cheerfully.

Having by this means got the place to my-
self, I made all my preparations. I quickly
placed the rifle in position, which was per-
fectly easy to do, for the outline of the other
rifle was plainly marked on the wall by a
faint line of dust. Then began the most
wearisome hour of waiting I ever passed.
The day was clear, and the rays of the sun
poured down with burning heat. Fifty
times I looked at my watch. Would the
time never arrive?

At length the moment approached, and
with it the glittering stream of light upon
which my hopes depended. Gradually it
crept closer to the hooks on which the rifle
rested, a bright spot growing brighter as the
rays were concentrated by the "burning
glass." At length it reached the point
where the full intensity of the rays were
focused on the breech of the rifle. The
seconds seemed like hours; I could hardly
breathe; my heart was beating wildly. Oh,
was I mistaken after all?

Already the beam of light appeared to be
passing over the breech. The agony I en-
dured was intense, great beads of perspira-
tion stood on my brow, when suddenly there
was a sharp report, and the ping of a bullet
striking against a board.

I had succeeded! I hurried into the bed-
room, where I had placed a board on the
bed where Marriot's head had lain, and there
was the bullet firmly imbedded in the
wood. On the oaken door-jamb there was
also a fresh mark scarcely distinguishable
from the first.

It was now Friday evening. I had just
two days to complete my preparations before
the magisterial inquiry on the Tuesday fol-
lowing. I saw Harry again that evening,
and told him I should have to go up to town
early the next morning.

"All right, old fellow," he said. "Be
sure you are back in time for the eventful
morning. All my trusts in you."
I went to an artist's model maker, and
describing what I wanted, he produced a
large wooden figure with movable joints,
which could be made to assume any position.
This he promised to have packed for me in
a square box and sent to the cloak-room at
St. Pancras Station.

I drove to my chambers, saw Harrison,
read the pile of letters awaiting me, and
wrote down a few fresh instructions for
him, went off for some lunch at my club.
Fortunately the hot weather had driven
most of my friends out of town, and the
few that I met seemed too exhausted to take
any interest in anything. How I prayed
the hot weather might last till Tuesday!—
for on the sun's rays depended all my hopes
of proof.

On the Sunday evening I wrote and dis-
patched six letters, addressed respectively
to the two magistrates who were to sit on
the Tuesday, the lawyer for the prosecution
—one Mr. Jones-Willis—the rector of Tem-
plestowe, who was a connection of poor
Vaughan Marriot's, Mr. Davenport, and
Captain Langhorne, the governor of the
jail. Each letter was a *fac-simile* of the
others, and headed "Private and confiden-
tial." I begged them one and all to meet
me in my room at the "Three Caps" hotel
on business of the utmost importance,
punctually at eleven o'clock on Monday
morning.

With feelings of intense anxiety I rushed
to my window early the next morning to
see what the day looked like.

So far, all was fair. It was quite early—
about half-past five—and a heavy mist of
great heat. I got back to bed again, my
hearing carefully my address to my visitors
if they should respond to my invitation.
The possibility of their not coming however
troubled me but little. Curiosity is strongly
marked in some people, particularly in a
country gentleman without very much be-
yond his land, the bench, and village poli-
tics to interest him, and that curiosity I had
taken pains to stimulate by my vague, care-
fully worded note.

The clock struck eleven; they had not
arrived. I waited five minutes—the longest

five minutes I ever spent, I thought then—
and I was just about to ring the bell, fearing
perhaps that the waiter had made some
mistake, when the door was thrown open.
"Mr. Davenport, Mr. Soudamore, Mr.
Grantham, the Reverend Vaughan, and
Captain Langhorne," announced the old
waiter with a loud voice and an air of great
importance.

"Gentlemen," I said, going forward to
meet them, "you have put me under a great
obligation by so punctually responding to
my letter. I trust that the result of our in-
terview will prove to your satisfaction that
I had good reasons for requesting your
presence." At this point I noticed the ab-
sence of Mr. Jones-Willis. "There is an-
other gentleman who, I see, has not yet put
in an appearance; with your leave we will
give him five minutes' grace." I said con-
cealing my anxiety as well as I could.

"A glorious spell of hot weather we are
having, Davenport," said Mr. Grantham, a
fine bluff old gentleman—"splendid for the
hay—but it one day and carry it the next.
I don't know when—"

The sound of a quick footstep was heard
approaching, and Mr. Jones-Willis entered
with many apologies for his tardiness.
An expression of uneasiness passed over
the faces of Messrs. Soudamore and Grantham
at the presence of Mr. Jones-Willis. He
had often argued before them, but then they
had been guarded and directed by the
presence and legal knowledge of their clerk.

In a few words as possible I told them
that my reason for wishing them to meet me
that morning was to prove a theory I held that
Vaughan Marriot had met his death by ac-
cident. I begged them to drive over with
me to the cottage at twelve o'clock, when I
would prove the truth of my assertion.

So odd a request met with considerable
opposition, but I carried my point on Mr.
Jones-Willis declaring that he was more
than willing that the test should take place.
So we all filed down to the court-yard,
where a wagonette was waiting. I asked
Davenport to take the reins, as I did not
wish to have a groom with us.

Fortunately for my plans, the sky con-
tinued clear, and the sun poured down a
heat which, but for the branching elms
which shaded the road, would have made
travelling an irksome task. As it was, no
one was sorry when our destination was
reached.

I had sent forward the lay figure earlier
in the morning in charge of the gunsmith
Boreham, whom I had so far taken into my
confidence as to tell him that I should want
him to lead his rifle carefully before half a
dozen gentlemen in order to prove a theory
of mine concerning the supposed murder.
He promised not to mention anything as to
the result before noon on Tuesday.

Finding the faithful Jackson again on
duty, I despatched him to take care of the
wagonette and horses, as I did not wish
him to know what was going on. Then we
entered the cottage and locked the door.
The figure was placed on the bed in the po-
sition described by Jackson. The rifle was
carefully loaded by Boreham, under the
supervision of all the gentlemen present,
and placed upon the hooks exactly as poor
Marriot's was found on the day when he
met his death.

Then I explained to my audience my
theory of the accident. As I proceeded to
describe the result of my former experiment,
the expression of incredulity which each
face had assumed at first, gave place to one
of lively curiosity, and all further operations
were watched with a scrutiny that argued
well for the completeness of my victory.
Of that victory I had now no doubt.
From the time when the beam of sunlight
came creeping in till the close, I felt as one
of the result of my own existence.

It was now nearly two o'clock.
Again the broad band of sunlight
came pouring in from the dormer-window.
Slowly it approached the rifle lying upon
the hooks. Now the brilliant spot was
gliding up the barrel until it was full upon
the breech. The stillness which prevailed
during these few precious moments was
almost painful. Then, as before, the bright
burning spot began to pass off. A snort of
contempt was perceptibly curving Mr.
Jones-Willis' lips, when "crack" went the
rifle!

A rush was made at once for the bed-
room, magistrates, clergyman, soldier and
lawyer jostling one another in their eager-
ness to be first. There, on the face of the
figure, in almost the same spot as Marriot's
wound, was the impress of the bullet. An
examination of the door-jamb showed that
the ball had glanced off precisely according
to my prediction.

With one accord all turned to me, declar-
ing that I had proved my case in the most
complete and satisfactory manner, and that,
so far as they were concerned, not a shadow
of doubt or suspicion remained in their
minds as to the innocence of Harry Vane.
All that had to be done was to give him a
public acquittal; and that should take place
the next morning in the court-house.

"Pledging ourselves to secrecy until the
next morning, we left the cottage and re-
turned to Templestowe."

Long before the hour fixed for opening
the court the room was packed with a strug-
gling mass of people drawn thither by feel-
ings of the liveliest curiosity, for by some
means or other, it had leaked out that a sen-
sational scene might be expected. I had
asked and obtained leave for Harry not to
be subjected to the indignity of standing in
the dock. When therefore, as the clock
struck eleven, he walked into the court ac-
companied by Captain Langhorne, a nurse-
maid of sympathy rose from the assembly,
murdering formalities having been gone
through, Mr. Jones-Willis rose, and, after
a little preliminary settling of his papers,
began—

"Your worship, I stand before you in a
most strange position—a lawyer for the
prosecution with nobody to prosecute; my
learned brother Curtis having in the most
clever and complete manner cut the ground
from under my feet."

Here the crowd began to look at one an-
other, asking what it all meant. It seemed
a strange beginning for a trial for murder.

In consequence of the way in which
Mr. Curtis demonstrated the truth of his
theory before yesterday, I feel compelled
to state that in my opinion there remains
not the slightest ground for suspicion

against Mr. Harry Vane. I am convinced
that the death of the late Mr. Vaughan Mar-
riot was the result of a most deplorable ac-
cident. With your permission I will briefly
describe how it was brought about."

In breathless silence Mr. Jones-Willis
graphically narrated what had taken place
in the cottage on the day before. Harry
Vane meanwhile seemed like one stunned
or in a dream as he heard the extraordi-
nary turn which things had taken. As the
well-known barrister concluded, he turned
to Harry, and, shaking his hand heartily,
said—

"Let me be the first to congratulate you,
Mr. Vane, on the very manly way in which
you have borne yourself under unmerited
suspicion."

Mr. Jones-Willis sat down, and the crowd
outside, having at length become aware of
what was going on, gave vent to their feel-
ings in a ringing cheer. After some formal
evidence had been taken, the magistrates
dismissed the case, with warm assurances
that Mr. Vane left the court without a stain
upon his character. After this every one
crowded round Harry with congratulations
and good wishes, about the heartiness of
which there could be no question.

When all the official documents had been
properly filed up, I took Harry by the arm
to lead him away from the scene of so much
excitement. When I reached the head of
the staircase, the magistrates' clerk whis-
pered in my ear and opened the door of his
private room. As I pushed Harry forward,
I caught a glimpse of a figure in white; I
heard a low cry of joy as a pair of arms were
thrown round his neck, and then the door
closed.

I have assisted at two ceremonies at Tem-
plestowe since that memorable day. I was
"best man" at Harry's marriage with Miss
Davenport, and I have stood godfather to his
son and heir, who was pronounced by all
admirers to be "the image of his father." I
trust however that he may never be, like
his father, arrested on suspicion.

Around Again.

"If you please, sir," said the young lady,
timidly, as the exchange editor handed her
a chair, "I have composed a few verses, or
partially composed them, and I thought you
might help me finish them and then print
them. Ma says they are real nice as far as
they go and pa takes your paper regularly."

She was a handsome creature, with beau-
tiful blue eyes, and a crowning glory as
yellow as golden rods. There was an ex-
pectant look on her face, a hopefulness that
appealed to the holiest emotions, and the
exchange editor made up his mind not to
crush that pure heart, if he never struck a
lick.

"May I show you the poetry?" continued
the ripe, red mouth. "You will see that I
could not get the last line of the verses, and
if you would please be so kind as to help
me—"

Help her! Though he had never even read
a line of poetry, the exchange editor felt
the spirit of the divine art flooding his
soul, as he yielded to the bewildering music.
Help her! Well, he should smile.

"The first verse runs like this," she went
on, taking courage from his eyes:

How softly turns the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—
"To anti-bilious pills!" added the ex-
change editor, with a jerk. "Just the
thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take
anybody, now. Half the people you meet
are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted
the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in
that way, but you have a better idea of such
things. Now, the second verse reads like
this—"

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—

"Of the matchless liver pad!" roared the
exchange editor. "There you get it. This
finishes the second to match with the first.
It combines the fashion with poetry, and
carries the idea right home to the fireside.
If I only had your ability in starting a verse,
with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit
the shears and open in the poetry business
to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady.
"It don't strike me as keeping the theme,"
"You don't want to. You want to
break the theme here and there. The reader
likes it better. Oh, yes. Where you
keep the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty,
brightening up. "I didn't think of that.
Now, I'll read the third verse—"

How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—

"The old man's drunk again!" wouldn't
do, would it?" asked the exchange editor.
"Somebody else wrote that, and we might
be accused of plagiarism. We must have
this thing original. Suppose we say—now
just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my
Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy
lips. "At least I never heard it before. I
don't know what it means."

"New! 'Deed it's new. Ben is the
Presbyterian name for overcoat, spout
means hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?'
means why did I shove my topper. That's
just what twilight would think of first, you
know. Oh! don't be afraid, that's just in-
sensitive."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the
glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the
exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This
is the fourth verse:

The merry milkmaid's somber song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove!"
cried the delighted editor. "You see—"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing
maiden, "not that!"
"Certainly," protested the exchange editor,
warming up. "Nine to four she's got
'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a
wealth of poetical expression. The worst
of poetry generally is, you can't state things
as they are. I ain't like prose. But here
we've busted all the established notions and
put up an actual existence with a yell of
genuine poetry over it. I think that's the
best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as you do;
but, of course, you are the best judge. Pa
thought I ought to say:

As silently she treads along
In autumn's yellow tracks.

"Wouldn't that do?"
"Don't just look at it. Does tracks rhyme
to rocks? Not in our paper it doesn't. Be-

sides, when you say 'tracks' and 'rocks'
you give the impression of some fellow
scratching for safety. 'Socks,' on the
other hand, rhymes with 'rocks,' and beau-
tifies them, while it touches up the milk-
maid, and by describing her condition
shows her to be a child of the very picture
you are showing up."

"I think you are right," said the sweet
angel. "I'll tell pa where he is wrong.
This is the way the fifth verse runs:

And close behind the farmer's boy
Trills forth his simple tunes,
And slips behind the maiden coy—

"And splits his pantaloons; done it my-
self; know just exactly how it is. Why,
bless your heart, you—"

Snip, snip, snip. Paste, paste, paste.
But it was with a saddened heart that he
snips and pastes among his exchanges now.
The beautiful vision that for a moment
dawned upon him has left but the recollec-
tion in his heart of one sunbeam in his life,
quenched by the shower of tears with which
she denounced him as a "nasty brute," and
went out from him forever.

Jumping From the Sky.

"I suppose a brief story on the way I jump
would be interesting to you," said a female
aeronaut. "It's all so simple to me, though,
I can't understand why it should excite peo-
ple as it does, for I have actually seen wo-
men faint away, and men turn deadly pale
after I have cut the ropes and started
heavenward. You see, I always take a look
downward when I am sure I can't say.
And right here let me tell you that I have
sometimes singled out from the sea of up-
turned faces just the ones I knew would be
shamed with disappointment should I fail
to fall and be smashed to pieces. You may
think the notion is all in my brain, but I
have it firmly fixed there at any rate, and
I know that there are such people in the
world."

"Where are we? Oh, yes, going up—or
rather, the earth is dropping away beneath
our feet—you know that is always the sen-
sation. The parachute which we are to cut
loose at the proper time hangs listlessly
downward. The rope which holds it to the
balloon passes through a steel ring. A sharp
knife blade, worked by a cord, is so ar-
ranged that at the proper time a little jerk—and
we are free."

"Now comes the exciting moment even
to the veteran. Above you the balloon, freed
from the weight, which gave it steadiness,
is rocking and reeling, while the parachute
is whizzing downward. You did not feel
that you were ascending, but as you shut
your eyes and draw in your breath in little
gasps—a long drawn inspiration would be
impossible—you are full aware that you are
descending—that you are going with such
frightful velocity, too, that unless there
comes an end, and that end soon, the end of
all things will be at hand. Prickly sensa-
tions shoot over your frame; and as you
gasp for breath, it seems as if a knife had
been thrust into your vitals. Your thoughts
are racing along with great speed as you
downward momentum; your courage, too,
commences to leave you, and you are threat-
ened with a total collapse—death!"

"Suddenly the mad rush is checked. The
parachute has grasped the situation," so to
speak. At least it has "grasped" sufficient
air to open it out, and as it gradually ex-
pands the motion becomes steadier, until
you are descending so slowly and gently that
you actually have a sleepy sensation. And
after the thrill, the shock of the moment
before, the feeling is so dreamily delicious
that really you are in danger from it unless
you brace up and fight it off, for Mother
Earth is shoving her smiling but rugged
face close to you again—it really appears
as if the earth came back to you, just as it
seemed to recede—and you must remember
that you must be on the lookout for a safe
landing place, and that more agility is re-
quired in this part of the feat than in any
other."

"The first verse runs like this," she went
on, taking courage from his eyes:

How softly turns the autumn air,
The dying woodland fills,
And Nature turns from restless care—
"To anti-bilious pills!" added the ex-
change editor, with a jerk. "Just the
thing. It rhymes and it's so. You take
anybody, now. Half the people you meet
are—"

"I suppose you know best," interrupted
the young girl. "I hadn't thought of it in
that way, but you have a better idea of such
things. Now, the second verse reads like
this—"

The dove-eyed kine upon the moor
Look tender, meek and sad,
While from the valley comes the roar—

"Of the matchless liver pad!" roared the
exchange editor. "There you get it. This
finishes the second to match with the first.
It combines the fashion with poetry, and
carries the idea right home to the fireside.
If I only had your ability in starting a verse,
with my genius in winding it up, I'd quit
the shears and open in the poetry business
to-morrow."

"Think so?" asked the fair young lady.
"It don't strike me as keeping the theme,"
"You don't want to. You want to
break the theme here and there. The reader
likes it better. Oh, yes. Where you
keep the theme it gets monotonous."

"Perhaps that's so," rejoined the beauty,
brightening up. "I didn't think of that.
Now, I'll read the third verse—"

How sadly droops the dying day
As night springs from the glen,
And moaning twilight seems to say—

"The old man's drunk again!" wouldn't
do, would it?" asked the exchange editor.
"Somebody else wrote that, and we might
be accused of plagiarism. We must have
this thing original. Suppose we say—now
just suppose we say, 'Why did I spout my
Ben?'"

"Is that new?" inquired the sweet, rosy
lips. "At least I never heard it before. I
don't know what it means."

"New! 'Deed it's new. Ben is the
Presbyterian name for overcoat, spout
means hook. 'Why did I spout my Ben?'
means why did I shove my topper. That's
just what twilight would think of first, you
know. Oh! don't be afraid, that's just in-
sensitive."

"Well, I'll leave it to you," said the
glorious girl, with a smile that pinned the
exchange editor's heart to his spine. "This
is the fourth verse:

The merry milkmaid's somber song
Re-echoes from the rocks,
As silently she trips along—

"With holes in both her socks, by Jove!"
cried the delighted editor. "You see—"

"Oh! no, no!" remonstrated the blushing
maiden, "not that!"
"Certainly," protested the exchange editor,
warming up. "Nine to four she's got
'em; and you get fidelity to fact, with a
wealth of poetical expression. The worst
of poetry generally is, you can't state things
as they are. I ain't like prose. But here
we've busted all the established notions and
put up an actual existence with a yell of
genuine poetry over it. I think that's the
best idea we have struck yet."

"I don't seem to look at it as

